

MAKES SHERIDAN'S

CONDITION POWDER!

Sheridan's Condition Powder Cures **CHICKEN CHOLERA.**

Is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 2-4 lb. air-tight tin cans \$1.00; by mail, \$1.30. Six cans by express, prepaid, for \$5.00. **DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.**

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing **Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,** Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10c. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—Estate of Joshua W. Boynton.
The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Addison, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Joshua W. Boynton, late of Orwell, in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid, at the hotel in Orwell village, on the 20th day of October and 1st day of April next, from 10 o'clock, a.m. until 5 o'clock, p.m., each of said dates, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, and to settle the same. The time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Orwell, this 20th day of October, A. D. 1886.
JOHN HALL, RODNEY F. WHITE, Coms.

SALESMEN WANTED

for canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) 35-38
CHASE BROTHERS, Rochester, N. Y.

GOLD

is scarce, but those who write to **Shoreham, Vt.,** will receive free, full information about work which they can do and how much they will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not needed. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of a big little fortune. All is new.

Farm for Sale

The Farm in the southeast part of the town of Shoreham, of late the home place of William G. Willson, deceased, is offered for sale. This farm is supposed to contain 147 acres, consisting of meadow, pasture and wood-land, in desirable proportion. The dwelling-house has lately been thoroughly repaired and modernized; and is neat, convenient, comfortable and commodious. The out-buildings, though not new, are in fair condition, and entirely ample for the wants of the farm. The farm is well fenced, and has upon it a young, thrifty and bearing orchard. This is a fine opportunity for any one desiring a good home and a farm with more desirable and fewer objectionable features, than the average of farms. If desired, easy terms of payment will be granted. For price and other particulars, inquire on the premises, of

Mrs. ELIZA WILLSON,
Or of **E. J. ORMSBEE, Brandon.**

Shoreham, Vt., Jan. 26, 1886. 511

FARM FOR SALE

—AT—
\$30 AN ACRE.

The Summer farm, situated one mile north of this village on the New Haven road, containing 200 acres. Has a good variety of soil for **MEADOW, PASTURE AND PLOWING.** Is well watered; buildings in fair condition. Will sell all or one-half. Considering its nearness to the village and its quality, this farm is a cheap property and a good investment for any one. Such land, so near any other place of this size, could not be bought for twice the money.
U. D. TWITCHELL,
Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 21, 1886. 42-11

FOR SALE!

Two yearling Holstein Friesian bulls, out of prize winning cows, sired by a prize winning bull.
For prices and pedigree address
D. F. MACCALLY, Manager,
Cream Hill Stock Farm,
Shoreham, Vt.

FOR RENT.

At Cream Hill, Shoreham, 65 Acres of Good Pasture to rent.
T. CONDON.
May 26, 1886. 22-11

FOR SALE.

Fifty thousand feet fence boards 10 feet long, 5 and 6 inches wide and 1 1/4 inches thick; 10,000 feet good spruce shingles; also 50,000 feet good spruce boards, planed. Inquire of
HENRY SMITH,
Broad Road Inn.

Central Vt. Railroad.

"EASTERN" STANDARD TIME.
COMMENCING JUNE 27, 1886.

Trains will leave Middlebury as follows:

GOING NORTH AND WEST.
3:33 a.m. NIGHT EXPRESS, from New York for Montreal, Ogdenburg and the West. Sleeping car to Montreal—daily except Mondays.
7:56 a.m. LOCAL EXPRESS—for Burlington.
3:25 p.m. EXPRESS MAIL, from New York, New London, Troy, Albany, Springfield and Boston for Burlington, Montpelier, St. Albans, Montreal, Ogdenburg and the West.
6:15 p.m. EXPRESS, from New York Albany and Troy for Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and the West. Passenger car to St. Albans.
GOING SOUTH AND EAST.
9:50 a.m. EXPRESS, for Boston, Worcester, New London, Springfield and New York, also Troy, Albany and New York, with Wagner Drawing Room car to New York, arriving 7 p.m.
4:52 p.m. MIXED, for Rutland and intermediate stations.
8:37 p.m. MIXED, for Rutland.
10:18 p.m. NIGHT EXPRESS, for Troy, Albany, New York, and Boston. A Sleeping car through to New York and also to Boston.

ADDITION RAILROAD.
Going South—6:33 a.m.—Mixed train leaves Thonadonga for Leicester Junction, arriving 7:25.
Going North—6:00 p.m.—Mixed train leaves Leicester Junction, arriving at Thonadonga 7:20.
Through Tickets for Chicago and the West for sale at the principal stations.

S. W. CUMMINGS,
General Passenger Agent.

J. W. HOBART,
General Manager. 30-11

THE Business College OF BURLINGTON, VT.

Offers advantages of thorough instruction and every facility for acquiring a practical Business Education second to no other similar institution, and on terms much below those of any other first-class Business College as may be seen by a comparison with our rates of tuition.
Commercial Course, 3 Months, \$25
Phonographic Course, 3 Months, \$25
English Course, 3 Months, 12
The College is open daily, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from October 1st to April 1st, from 7 to 9 p.m., for both sexes, who receive INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION in all branches. Day scholars admitted to evening sessions FREE. Send for our new circular.
E. G. EVANS, Principal.
33-100

SMITH & ALLEN

Keep on hand, or furnish on short notice, all kinds of

Builders' Hardware

(Embracing, with the old varieties, the new and celebrated Niles goods.)

Nails, Doors, Sash, Blinds,
ROSENDALE & PORTLAND CEMENT, BLACK AND WHITE LIME.
In addition to other material previously kept we have just received a car load of choice Canada Heart Spruce Shingles, (12 inch) which we will sell at very low figures.
Office and mill first door on Mill Street.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

WANTED.

To correspond with party having stocked horse stock, farm to let on share, to responsible party, or will hire by year to right party. Reference furnished and required. Address Register office, Middlebury, Vt. 38

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier ON EARTH.
This Great German Medicine is composed of Yellow Dock, Mandrake, Gentian, Dandelion, Juniper, Horseradish, etc., combined with the Extract of Sulphur, which makes it the Greatest Blood Purifier known. Do not ever take Blue Pills or arsenic, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

BLUE PILLS
or arsenic, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is Your Tongue Coated?
with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Is your stomach out of order? Don't wait until you are in a bad way. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It cures you. Sulphur Bitters is the only medicine that cures you. Try a Bottle To-Day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you. Send 25c. stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive an elegant set of cards free.

SHARKING AT NANTUCKET.

An Old Skipper's Opinion—Sharking Parties—Getting a Bite.

Sharking is the summer craze at this queer old ocean resort. Any one can catch all the sharks he wants at Nantucket. Parties of visitors go out after them each morning, and return late in the afternoon. Ladies are very fond of sharking, and fish daily in their bright holiday attire for them. In hauling in a shark it is estimated that a woman can pull about five pounds and scream 500 pounds, and skippers say she is a very valuable member of a boat's crew.

"Yer see," explained an old captain of a shark boat the other day, "a Nantucket shark never seen such a critter as a woman got up in yer city style, and jest lookin' at her in the bow of a boat, shakin' her parasol and lettin' of screeches ter more'n beat a steam tug whistle, sorter paralyzes ther shark and he is willin' ter let yer do most anything with him."

The sharking parties all go to the south side, or to the east end of the island, where the best grounds are. They take a car from this town on the little rusty three-foot gauge Nantucket railroad and rumble and bound over the twisted rails, which often make a rise of several inches in a few feet. To Sconset, on the east end, where the Norcross brothers have two whaleboats in which to go through the surf to the fishing grounds. They take the sharkers to the deep water off Haulover, beyond the great Saukaty lighthouse, and drop the lines overboard. To catch a shark it is necessary to have a long rope, bigger than a clothes line, to which is knotted a long-shanked, heavy hook, about which string a lot of fat, luscious, round clams. There is nothing that a shark is so fond of as round clams, and when he beholds a string of them dangling before his nose, all divested of their shells, which are rather dyspeptic eating even for a shark, he generously overlooks the hook as an unimportant incident in the spread. He takes right hold, and as he swallows the big hook and then the clams, and begins to reel in his end of the rope with ultimate acquisitive intentions on the boat and other paraphernalia, the sudden sharp tug he gives notifies the fishermen that they have got a bite.

Then they begin to pull on their end of the line, and the double in-gathering process speedily brings the boat and the shark to a point where they can scrutinize each other. Usually six or seven men pull on the rope, with one or two ladies to help. A shark almost always, after he has been hooked, comes right along through the water like a log, unresistingly. There is no more sport in him than in a codfish until he gets close to the boat and can see the people in it. Then he begins to make a fuss, dashing hither and thither and splashing the green billows into bearded foam, but his struggles avail little. Quickly the boat is pulled up to his furious front, and a brawny sailor, standing on the prow, brains him with a few blows from a heavy club. After the shark has been butchered, his carcass is towed ashore and left on the beach, and the party return through the surf to set their hooks again. The bodies of sharks go to the mills that make fertilizers. The heads are saved, the teeth being extracted to be fashioned into delicate little ornaments, set in gold, for ladies to wear. The shores about Nantucket are strewn with bleaching shark's heads. Sharking parties have been unusually lucky this season. In one day one whaleboat party caught eight that weighed between 400 and 700 pounds each.—New York Sun.

Where were pretzels first made? Well, that is a disputed point, but the best claims to the honor of having originated the article are, I believe, put forward by Tolz, a little town near Munich, in the Bavarian Tyrol, the arms of which are two gilt pretzel-tied together with a blue and white cord. The motto I have forgotten. The pretzel is far more popular on this side of the Atlantic, however, than in the Fatherland, and I have more than once been amused to hear Americans say: "Why, I thought the pretzel was an institution over in Germany, but I never saw one there." That is not very remarkable, however, for although a vast number are eaten over there, one seldom sees them sold with beer, and at the fine cafes patronized by foreigners they are almost unknown.

"How are they made? Oh, it's a very simple process when you know how, but it takes some time to learn, and the baker must watch very carefully, so as to get just the right crispness into his wares, for a soft and doughy pretzel is an abomination to good judges of the article. They take a brisk and hot fire, and the polish is put on with a little white of egg dabbed on before the baking. The main trouble is in forming the pretzel, which is done by hand, and some men work with amazing quickness at turning them out. I see that two men in Pottsville have invented a machine to mould them all ready for the oven. If it turns out to be practicable, and I don't see why it should not, they ought to make a very nice thing out of it, for pretzel bakers are sure to adopt it."—Philadelphia Record.

When Eating Green Corn.
The meal of the corn is perfectly digestible; not so, however, the shining envelope which surrounds the meal and makes up each individual grain. Use your teeth to bruise each grain well; chew your corn, and eat all you choose with impunity. Neglect to use the teeth with which nature has provided you, swallow the grain whole, you can not digest it, it will irritate the stomach and bowels and you will be apt not infrequently to have the same kind of a time that was enjoyed by the historic parrot and the monkey. If you are toothless, use your knife and fork to accomplish this purpose.—Annals of Hygiene.

A Bangor, Me., man has constructed a canvas canoe in which he intends to put small steam engine and propeller.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Is that all who have tried Law's Biting find it far superior to indigo at less expense. It is used for blue clothes and for bleaching new or old goods to a snowy white. Also, for coloring our carpets. It is unequalled, and as an ink it makes one quart, which flows equal to the best writing fluid.

For sale by **Lockwith & Co., Bond Bros. and Bonedict & Bird.**



Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Organized with a full staff of eighteen Experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.
Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Diseases and Nervous Affections, cured here or at home, without need of seeing the patient. Come and get cured. Book sent free in stamps for our "Invalids' Guide Book," which gives all particulars.

DELICATE DISEASES.
Specialists. Rupture, or Bruch, medically cured, without the knife, without need of seeing the patient. Book sent free in stamps for our "Invalids' Guide Book," which gives all particulars.

RUPTURE.
Specialists. Rupture, or Bruch, medically cured, without the knife, without need of seeing the patient. Book sent free in stamps for our "Invalids' Guide Book," which gives all particulars.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription
Is the result of this vast experience.

It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength, cures, or "whites," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, irregular suppressions, and all diseases of the uterus, weak back, prostration, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, leukorrhea, and "female weakness." It promptly relieves and cures **Menstrual Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.**

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. See full particulars for Physicians, in Treatise on Diseases of Women, Illustrated.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
603 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

SICK-HEADACHE
3-1000s Headache, Nervous Prostration, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, promptly cured by **Purifying Pellets**, a vial by Druggists.

J. B. HUSTED, MERCHANT TAILOR
—AND—
CLOTHIER
VERGENNES, - VERMONT.

Keeps constantly on hand a large and well-selected stock of

CLOTHS.
and is prepared to make them up in latest style, best manner and at the lowest prices.

We guarantee our cutting and work to be first-class, and all work made by us is subject to the approval of our customers.

We have recently added to our custom tailoring.

Ready-Made Clothing,
A FINE STOCK OF

GENT'S YOUTH'S AND BOYS',
At the Lowest Prices. Call and see for yourselves, and you will be convinced of what we say.

Dyer's Block, Opp. Stevens' House,
Vergennes, Vt., 1886. 7-17

FOR SALE.

I have decided to close my creamery in Middlebury on

Saturday, July 3,
because of lack of patronage, and offer for sale all the tanks, clurns and fixtures of a first-class creamery fitted to handle the milk of 600 cows.

Will enter into partnership with a man who knows of a locality where milk will be delivered twice a day, where 400 to 600 cows can be secured and where there is plenty of running water. For further particulars enquire of or address
F. W. ATWOOD,
West Salisbury, Vt., July 1, 1886. 27-11

15 HALF - ACRE BUILDING
lots on College Hill for sale, best in town.
U. D. TWITCHELL.

\$1.00 FOR 25 CTS.
To any one who will send us 25c. and act as our agent we will send the following goods, that could not be bought separately for less than \$1.00. 1 Dozen Sheets of Superior Commercial Paper, 1 Dozen Envelopes to match, 2 Extra-Large Ladies' Steel Pens, 1 Golden Pen, 1 Ink, 1 Roll of Gold Line, worth more than we charge for the package. 1 Dixon Lead Pencil, 1 Faber's Pencil Rubber, all first-class goods, 1 Sheet of Blotting Paper, 1 Rolled Gold Leaf, 1 Set of Colored Pencils, 1 Set of Colored Buttons. We have stated that the goods bought separately could not be bought for less than \$1.00, but to secure new agents we will sell them put up in a package for 25c. (25-cm)

ACME MFG. CO., ESSEX, CONN.

Home Department.

[For the Register.]

IN OCTOBER.

Within the red October wood
The drummer chose a station good;

A fallen helmet, century old,
Across two rocky hillocks rolled;

And here, while yet the dawn was gray,
I heard him sound his reveille.

At first the throbs were soft and slow
As hearts unmoved by passion go,
Then fast, as fiery pulses beat,
When furious toes in frenzy meet.

And swifter yet, until, at last,
In one long, murmuring roll, they passed.

Behind the creeper's screen of flame
The stealthy-moving hunter came.

With cautious foot-fall, sure and slow,
Lest breaking twig his presence show.

Amid the vines he takes his stand,
His bright, brown ride in his hand.

He parts the leaves, and, peering through,
The heedless drummer meets his view.

With ruff erect, defiant head,
And strutting leg, and wing outspread.

slow upward doth the rifle wheel
As it it moved in grooves of steel;

One moment, poised before the shock,
One moment firm as living rock.

Then whip-like crack and tongue of fire
Tell out the rifle's deadly ire—

The sentinel crows his phinon piled
And loud his note of warning cried;

And, darting through the foliage gay,
Shrill laughed the crested rooster, Jay—

But, all his mottled plumage rolled
In blood, low lay the drummer bold.

—W. H. RILEY.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

[Edward Duffey in the Brooklyn Magazine.]

In a large and luxuriously furnished apartment in a four-story brown-stone house on State street, in the city of Albany, and almost within a stone's throw of the great Capitol, sits or walks or reclines throughout the day a man of 70 years of age. With hair that is silvery white, a full beard that is gray-white, a form that is bent and emaciated, a step that is slow and tottering, and a cheek that is pallid and shrunken—his blue eyes yet full and lustrous alone indicate the strength and pride of other days.

This man is John Godfrey Saxe, the poet.

It is only a few years since the verses of Saxe were eagerly accepted by the leading periodicals, and his services as a lecturer were everywhere popular. In his day he was a bright member of many a literary gathering, being known personally to all of the most prominent of contemporary poets and prose writers. He was the nation's wit and humorist, whose delicious rhymes brought to himself fame and a competence, and to many a household the cheerful smile or hearty laugh. Even across the sea he was known as the "Thomas Hood of America."

Yet alas! how intensely pathetic is the rounding out of this man's days! For some years he has been dead to all the world. Few people know that he is yet alive; few of his numerous former ardent admirers think of him now other than as one who has been, but who no longer moves among his kind. The victim of a deep-seated, ever-present melancholy, his closing years are touchingly sad and uneventful, the never-ceasing care of the few relatives that are spared him even failing to rid him of the deep gloom in which unhappily his mind is now shrouded.

Up to the year 1875 John G. Saxe was a splendid and conspicuous specimen of virile manhood. He stood six feet two inches tall, proudly erect and muscular, with a large, round and finely poised head set upon broad and stalwart shoulders. The latest photograph of him, now possessed by his family, represents his face in profile—a broad, high, intellectual forehead, wavy brown hair in abundance, large, keen eyes set in deeply, and with strong and suggestive feature outlines set off by a mustache and "burnside" whiskers. Less than a dozen years ago this picture was fully justified by its subject.

The beginning of the end was the poet's dreadful experience and remarkable escape from a revolting death in a Western railway disaster in the spring of 1875, while on his return to Brooklyn at the conclusion of a lecture tour in the South.

The sleeping car in which he had a berth was thrown down a steep embankment, and he was rescued therefrom by the merest chance. As he lay wedged in between the broken timbers, stunned and bruised, a fellow-passenger who had escaped beneath him of a sum of money which he had left behind him. On returning to the car he stumbled upon the insensible poet. The latter was thereby discovered and rescued from what would inevitably have been death and destruction by fire, as the sleeper in which he was found, after a brief interval following his rescue, became a mass of seething flame. His flesh was bruised but no bones were broken. Outwardly, he appeared to have escaped with slight bodily injuries.

Not so. A grievous hurt was there—deep, insidious, and lasting, though at the time it was unseen and unfelt. The poet's nerve system had received a shock from which it never rallied. Exhaustion set in; slowly but surely the consequent weakness overspread and undermined his whole physical being. He began to experience a greater degree of bodily and mental fatigue than had been usual with him. Worst of all was its depressing influence on his exuberant spirits, which became more and more subdued, until at last his mind had lost much of its wonted buoyancy.

Other afflictions were yet in store. During the year just prior to that of the railway accident he had interred his daughter, Laura, in Greenwood cemetery. Five years later death again invaded his Brooklyn home, the second victim being his daughter, Sarah. Barely another year had elapsed when the mother of his children, a noble woman, was put tenderly away in dreamless rest. Early in the year of 1881 the dark tragedy of the fourth time laid his cruel sickle at his door, this time cutting down Hattie, the poet's only remaining daughter. He had two sons living in Albany. Turning his mourn-

ful steps thither in June, 1881, he sought rest and refuge from his sorrows with his eldest son, John Theodore. Once again the inexorable hand of fate was laid heavily upon him; death snatched away the son ere the father had been a month beneath his hospitable roof! The son's wife had died nine weeks before. Here was a daughter and a son's wife and a son himself—all three cut down within the brief period of two months! Thus for the second time was broken up the poet's home. Then he turned to his youngest son and only remaining child, Charles G., with whom he has since lived, and who with filial tenderness and solicitude ministers to the poet's simple daily wants.

The old poet is now much changed in form and feature, merely being a shadow of his former self. During the first three years of his residence in Albany he spent some hours each pleasant day in strolling about the beautiful park near by, or tranquilly sitting there in a shady arbor, watching the children at their play. But during the past two years no public eye has seen him, for in that long interval he has of his own choice been carefully secluded in his room. He neither rides, nor walks abroad, but the apartment in which he spends his melancholy days consists of a suite of three rooms, located in the rear end of the house on the third floor, and overlooking the noble Hudson to the south. Here by a window he whiles away much of his time in watching the busy river craft, and in contemplating the picturesque landscape. Of street attire he no longer has a need; in dressing-gown and slippers he paces the floor with slow and trembling steps, seldom or never going beyond the confines of his own rooms. He prefers to have perfect quiet about him, and oftentimes dislikes to be disturbed even by a member of his own family.

It is a long time since he last consented to receive a stranger, or even a friend, or an acquaintance of former days.

"I cannot bear," he said with pathos, "to be forcibly reminded of what I once was—of the days of my hope and strength, when the world had charms that now are dead to me; before sickness had deprived me of my health, and death had robbed me of my loved ones."

In 1881, on his last coming to Albany, eminent physicians whom his family consulted in his behalf predicted that he would not survive for two years longer.

He goes to bed between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, and rises at about half-past 6 in the morning. He complains much of insomnia, and during the day is often very restless, suffering from neuralgia in the head. When not sitting in an easy chair or moving leisurely about his room, he reclines upon a couch. He eats often but very sparingly, and partakes of the plainest of food, indigestion being one of his principal bodily ills. Of his valet, a middle-aged colored man (who by reason of prior service with eminent people at Washington and other places is more than ordinarily intelligent and entertaining), the poet is very fond, chatting with him now and again with a more than usual degree of interest and animation.

Until quite recently he devoted a good share of his time to a perusal of the standard poets and the leading magazines, those of the latter, to whose pages he was once a valued contributor being sent him regularly and unsolicited by the publishers. Thereof, for some years, he has not read the daily papers, and evinces little or no interest in current events.

"It pains me," he said, "to meet with the details of so much crime and so many casualties."

Indeed, he reads comparatively little of any kind now—occasionally a page or two maybe of one of his favorite prose authors, that mainly consist of Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray judiciously selecting therefrom matter of cheerful tone and subject. When undisturbed he is much given to musing; but at times will converse willingly and fluently, displaying thereby a power of memory that, in view of his feeble physical condition, is quite unlooked for, recently surprising his son not a little by repeating verbatim one of Charles Lamb's longest essays.

His thoughts often revert to his irreparable loss of wife and children, speaking of each tenderly and regretfully, and manifesting a keen interest in the proper care of their graves—ever dwelling on the domestic afflictions which have brooded in his heart and enveloped his once brilliant intellect in a brooding and incurable melancholy.

In his room hangs a small portrait of Thomas Hood, which was given him by the English humorist's son, and to which he attaches a more than ordinary value. He sometimes remarks mournfully, while gazing at this picture:

"I wonder if poor Tom Hood ever suffered in his latter years as keenly as I suffer now!"

Again the observation escapes him:

"I do not see how any human being can continue to live in a condition so utterly hopeless as mine."

Is not all this very, very pathetic?

At rare intervals, in his brighter and more hopeful moods, his retentive memory revives a former interest in old friends and pleasant associations. The name of Longfellow is often on his lips; that poet's death affected him deeply, contributing not a little to the gloom which was just then fastening itself upon his buoyant nature.

We shall not here undertake to quote from, or advert at length to, the many gems of verse by which the name of John G. Saxe has been made illustrious in the literature of two hemispheres. We may presume that all cultured people have long been familiar with them. Most of the common people are likewise familiar with them, appreciating their wit, and satire, and humor, more fully perhaps than they do the choicest works of the Old, or of any other of the New World poets. A score of years ago innumerable school boys memorized them, and what was better, understood them; and though their author is to-day resting in voluntary seclusion, and forever withdrawn from the public gaze, those rich flowing and melodious rhymes are yet and we fervently hope long will continue to be, included in our floating miscellany.

Inexpressibly sad are the closing years of the once gifted and genial poet. His mind still haunted by the joyous memories of the golden past; brooding hopelessly in solitude over the afflictions which have darkened his old age and expectantly awaiting the final summons, which he longs for. The American people, who for a considerable period were afforded unalloyed pleasure by his happy genius, will sympathize with him when they realize the depth of his sorrow and the keen mental and physical anguish which is now his daily lot. As the essence of his old kindness and the richest treasures of his once playful fancy, they are still spared to us within his printed pages. By those he may be rightly judged as man and poet.